UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXI. BOSTON, MARCH 9, 1872. NO. 45.

The Homeless Children.

My darlings are safe in slumber,
In their dainty, white-frilled bed,
And in close and loving contact
Lie a brown and a golden head.
I have left them there with kisses,
I have heard their lisping prayer,
And through all the long night watches
They will feel a sense of care.

And now as I watch anear them,
I think of the bleak cold storm,
And how little we heed its terrors,
Sheltered and close and warm,
And I think of the little children,
Homeless in such a night,
Who wander abroad in the darkness,
And perish with cold and affright.

Helpless and homeless wanderers,
Begging at alien doors,
Or striving to sleep in sorrow
Upon cold and snowy floors.
O little homeless children,
In all of this sad, sad earth,
There is nothing half so pitiful,
As the hour which gave you birth.

I sit alone in the silence,
And shudder at every gust,
And question this innocent suffering,
If it either be right or just.
Men seem so helpless to cure it,
It is wide as the wide, wide earth,
It grows to seem a horrible thing,
To give to a mortal birth.

Are children less than the ravens?
That he heedeth not their cry?
Are they less than the tiny sparrows,
That flutter and flit and fly?
O Christ! who lovest the children,
Through this night I pray to Thee,
That Thou will call through the darkness,
Let the little ones come to me.

There is room in the fair green pastures
For their little aching feet,
And beside the soft, still waters
There's a calm and cool retreat.
O Saviour, if no home on earth,
To the children can be given,
Is it wrong to ask that Thou wilt give,
A home, sweet home in Heaven?

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bed was very soft, and the room cool and airy, John spent a very restless night. He was not sorry when he heard Mr. Smith call, "Come boys, we must up and get to work, for the day is breaking."

"Do you hear, Alf? Mr Smith is calling us."

"What do you say?" said Alf, drowsily.

"Mr. Smith is calling."

"What for?"

"For us to get up and go to work."

Alf had slept so soundly, that is, had gone so far into dream-land that he was a long time coming out again. John was obliged to shake him thoroughly, with not over tender grasp, to wake him to any realization of what was expected of him. When he was awake, he sprang out of bed and made haste to dress himself, for John was already on his feet and dressed.

"How do you feel this morning, John, you are looking very pale."

"I am not feeling my best, but I guess I shall be better after I have stirred a little. I don't doubt that exercise in the hay-field will bring the color to my cheeks."

Alf could not help feeling a little troubled in spite of John's cheerful answer.

"If you are as sick as you look, I am sure you ought not to go into the hay-field to-day."

"I don't see that it is a matter of choice with us whether we work or not. If we are to go to New York by this night's express train, we have *got* to earn the money before we go."

"But we are not to go to New York through impossibilities. If you are sick you cannot go."

"I do not think I am sick, Alf."

"What, then, makes you so deadly pale?"

"Want of sleep, perhaps, and overweariness."

"Why, didn't you sleep last night? I have been as sound asleep as a roach all night."

"Well, about how sound do you think a roach sleeps?" said John, glad of any opportunity to change the subject, and get Alf to thinking of something else beside his white face.

"I don't know," said Alf, "I am sure I don't know why people say 'as sound as a roach.'"

"Do you know what a roach is?"

"No, I don't even know what a roach is."

"Well, then of course you don't expect to know how sound it sleeps, if you don't even know what it is."

"Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, a roach is a fresh water fish."

"Well, does it sleep sounder than any other fish?"

"I don't know that it does."

"Why did they say as sound as a roach then?"

"I remember to have once asked that question of my teacher at school."

"And what answer did he give you?"

"He referred me to the dictionary."

"And what did the dictionary say?"

"That the word used as roach, in this old saw, was probably a corruption of the word rock."

"What do you mean by *saw?*"

"Why, old saying or proverb."

"Well, that would be a curious saying, that anything sleeps as sound as a rock."

"Why I don't know but that is a very good saying. Rocks are pretty quiet sleepers, are they not?"

"They are always still, but I don't know that they are asleep."

"I don't know that they are, Alf. The truth is, I don't believe that anything in God's universe sleeps very long at a time. I incline more to believe that he made a wide awake world, when he made this one on which we live, and that whoever is caught napping for very long at a time will be left behind by the great procession of living things that are marching on."

"Come, come, boys," said Mr. Smith's voice again at the foot of the stairs, "this will never do. We shall not get a day's work done to-day unless we make haste into the field."

"Yes sir," John replied, "we will be down in a moment." And to Alf he said, "You see it will never do for us to stop to make the universe when we have engaged to do a day's work in the hay-field."

The boys went down stairs laughing, and taking up their scythes followed Mr. Smith, who had already set out on his way to the field. Walking rapidly, they soon overtook him. When he heard their footsteps, he turned and said:

"Ah! here comes my man and a half. I thought you were taking a Rip Van Winkle nap, and had quite given up seeing you to-day."

"Oh no," said John, good humoredly, "we are wide awake and ready for work now."

"All right," said Mr. Smith.

"When they had reached the field, and John and Alf were at work side by side, Alf said:

"John, did you understand what it was that Mr. Smith said to us when we were coming to the field?"

"Yes. He said he thought we were taking a Rip Van Winkle nap, and he had given up seeing us to-day."

"Well, what did he mean by a Rip Van Winkle nap?"

"Why, did you never hear of Rip Van Winkle?"

"No. Who was he? Somebody you read about in the Mythology?"

"Oh no! You don't have to go back to the old heathen mythology to become acquainted with Rip Van Winkle."

"Well, pray introduce him, for I never heard of him before."

"Well, Rip Van Winkle was an old Dutchman who lived on the Hudson river, and, as the story goes, he went out hunting one day with his dog, and feeling tired he lay down and went to sleep. While he slept the years went by, a whole generation came and went from the earth so that the Dutchman woke to quite another world from the one he went to sleep in. You can easily understand that Rip Van Winkle's nap became famous, and is the synonyme for all deep sleep."

"I should think that Dutchman might be said to have slept as sound as a roach."

"Yes, or a rock either."

"Well, John, I should like to take one good

long sleep—say a year or two, and see if it would satisfy me."

"Don't you get satisfied with what sleep you get?"

"No. I think I never had sleep enough yet. I always wake with the feeling that I would like another nap, and lately I have lost so much sleep, that I don't know as I shall ever make up the loss."

"You will have time to make it up when you get to sea."

"I am afraid that will be a poor place to hope for extra sleep. You are compelled to be on your watch, to a minute, each time. There is no chance for a lagging there."

"You think Rip Van Winkle would have been called before the generation were all dead with whom he spent his last waking hours, if he had gone to sleep on ship-board."

"I think he would. At least his chances would have been slim for a very long nap."

"Well, we must take our chances. I suppose we shall find a good many things different at sea, from what we have been accustomed to on shore."

"It can't be much harder than we have been having for the past few days."

"No, I should hope not. If it is, I am sure we can't stand it."

"I am afraid you wouldn't stand it long. You don't look much now as if yon could turn the world over."

"I don't feel very vigorous."

"You can't work all day, and you ought not to try."

"Oh, I am getting on pretty well, though I confess the hours seem long. But I suppose this day will wear away at last, as all other days do."

"We can sleep when we are riding in the cars."

"Perhaps *you* can. But I found more than I could do to sleep in a good bed last night. I can hardly hope to do better when I have only a car to sleep in."

"Why didn't you sleep last night?"

"I think it must have been because I was too tired. Every bone in my body ached, and I never knew that I had so many bones before."

"I hope you are not going to be sick."

"Don't speak of it. It will be full time to think of that trouble when it comes. I do not mean to be sick if I can help it, and I believe that a determined will has a great deal to do with keeping one up." *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

Little Margery.

KNEELING, white-robed, sleepy eyes,
Peeping through the tangled hair,
"Now I lay me—I'm so tired—
Auntie, God knows all my prayer,
He'll keep little Margery."

White lids over eyes shut fast,
Lashes brown on snowy cheek,
Rosebud mouth half hid in smiles,
Dimples playing hide and seek,
Sleeps sweet little Margery.

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles, or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith,
Shining in the childish breast,
Always be so clear and bright?
Will God always know the rest,
Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come—this faith of yore—
Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
Owning all God's ways are just,
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark
You can see no step ahead,
Will you lay your hand in his,
Trusting by him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
"God, my Father, knows the rest,
He'll take tired Margery?"

True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are hard and dim;
But God knows the path you tread—
I can leave you safe with Him
Always, little Margery.

He will keep your childish faith
Through your weary woman's years,
Shining ever strong and bright,
Never dimmed by saddest tears,
Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet
To a yearning, restless soul;
We pray in snatches, asking part,
But God above us knows the whole,
And answers, baby Margery.

Sarah L. Joy.

IT IS a dull aud hurtful pleasure to have to do with those who approve of all we do and say.

For the Myrtle.

Skates.

"OH, ho! new skates!" shouted Tom Slade, as he balanced himself on his heels and came up standing before Ned sitting on the bank. "New skates in February! Why didn't you wait till June?"

"I should, I s'pose, if I hadn't got money enough before," said Ned, doggedly, pulling at his straps.

"Let's look at one. My! aren't they beauties?" said Tom. "Jolly skates those are! Beat six of mine any day. Where *did* you get them?"

"Uncle John got them for me in the city," said Ned, proudly. "I sent him the money."

"I guess they cost a bit, now," said Tom. "But I say, Ned, why didn't you get them in some season? Here you've been sliding around on your boots all winter, and just got out that team when the ice'll break up in three weeks. A long head for business *you've* got.'

"They'll be just as good for next winter, won't they?" said Ned's sister, sharply, for she would not hear Ned run upon.

"Next winter take care of itself," said Tom, "I'll take my good time this winter."

"I guess you'll have to," said Charley Snow, who skated up in time to hear the last sentence. Your new bang-up skates are smashed to pieces already."

"That's so," laughed Tom, "and not paid for either. When I broke them, father said I should pay for them, he wouldn't, and it'll be July, I guess, before I get money enough."

"Father won't let me get anything till I can pay for it," said Ned; "and that's the reason I've been all winter about the skates."

"'Tisn't *all* the reason, Ned Levitt," broke in Clara again. "You know you'd got money enough saved for them Christmas if you hadn't—done something else with it."

"What else *could* he do, to give up skates?" cried Tom.

"No matter what I did," said Ned.

"Yes it is matter," persisted Clara, "and I shall tell. He had the whole dollar and a half, and uncle John was there and he was going to buy them the next day, and our washerwoman's boy came with his toes all out of his shoes, and couldn't go to school: and Ned said he guessed shoes were more needed than skates, and he just went off alone and got a pair of shoes for that boy! *that's* where the dollar and a half went to!"

"Jingo!" said Tom with shining eyes, "you didn't, though!"

But Charley was intent on the skates. "A dollar and half!" cried he. "You never got *those* skates for a dollar and a half, Ned Levitt!"

"But I did though," said Ned, quietly. "That's every cent I gave uncle John, and these are what came by next express, anyway."

"Well, if ever those skates were bought for less than three dollars, I'll give you mine,—and Tom's thrown in," said Charley.

"Oh Ned!" cried Clara, clapping her hands. "I'll bet anything uncle John did it! just be-

cause—the washerwoman's boy, you know. It's just like him!"

Ned skated away like a bird. His heart was so light how could he help it? That night he wrote to ask uncle John just what the skates cost.

He found that it *was* just like uncle John to double the money, and that was just what he had done.

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Pictures From Home.

As far from friends and kindred dear
We roam in foreign lands,
Yet keep their pictured faces near
And hold them in our hands:

As oft, at twilight's gentle hour
We sit and muse of home,

While round us drawn by memory's power
Their loving spirits come:

And o'er each well-known face we yearn
As 'twere our hope's bright star
That bids us haste the glad return
To see them as they are:—

So in this exile of the heart
From its true home above,
We keep in sacred thought apart
That country of our love.

We bend above the Holy Book
Wherein with loving trace
The Son has drawn, that all may look
And see our Father's face.

And lingering o'er that picture fair
Which links our home with His,
Our spirits long to enter there
And see him as he is. *H. A. B.*

After-Supper Talk.

We saw something the other day—just a little thing—but it set us thinking, and so we laid it away to ask our young folks about it. Clara was going out to spend the afternoon, and her grown up sister Helen, as she buttoned the little girl's white apron and tied her yellow hair with a blue ribbon, said:

"Now, Clara, I do hope you will behave well and be a lady this afternoon."

"Oh! I will," said Clara confidentially. "I always behave well when I go visiting."

Between a sigh and a smile, Helen fastened the sack, and tied the hood, and away the child went dancing down the path in the sunshine.

"I always behave well when I go visiting," she said, and yet she was the very same little girl that, not two hours before, had been sent away from the dinner table for being rude and impolite—the same one that, only the day before, had been shut up an hour for teasing her little brother, and the same one who had made her mother look sorry and anxious several times that day,

The more we thought about it, the more we wondered whether Clara is the only child in the world who behaves sweetly in other people's houses, and keeps all her naughtiness, her pets and little tempers for those who love her best, her parents, and brothers, and sisters, at home. How is it?—*Advance.*

THE gate that leads to heaven is a straight gate, therefore we should fear; it is an open gate, therefore we should hope.

Owen and His Squirrel.

I knew a little boy named Owen; and he had a little squirrel; and he named it "Fun," because it was so merry. Fun was a funny name for a squirrel.

Owen grew so fond of Fun, that he saved up his money to buy nuts for him. Fun would run round and round the room, and up the curtain; and then he would dart up Owen's arm, and sit on his head. Such gay times as they used to have!

But Owen's father told him that he should take away the squirrel, if his little boy wasted so much time in playing with him. Then Owen told Fun he could not play with him so much, for he must study his lesson. So Fun crept into Owen's pocket, and went fast asleep.

One cold day in winter when the snow was on the ground, and the ponds were frozen, Owen's father told the little boy he might go out and skate.

So Owen went out; but as he was running over the snow, towards the pond, what should he see all at once but Fun, seated on the top rail of a fence! Fun had followed him out of the house, and had run on in front of him. Owen ran forward to catch him; but Fun was too quick for the little boy. Up the trunk of a great tree scampered Fun; and then he went out on a branch, far from Owen's reach. Owen looked up, and sighed to think that he might lose his dear little squirrel. Fun ran out on a slender branch, and threw down quite a shower of leaves on his little playmate.

Owen stood still, and called in a mournful tone, "Fun! Fun! Do come back to me, Fun!" But Fun did not come to him. At last, Owen was so tired and so grieved, that he sat down on a rock and cried.

It was cold; it was growing dark. Owen's papa wondered where his little boy was; and at last he called his good dog Bravo, and went out in search of Owen.

They soon found him fast asleep; and Owen's father took the little boy in his arms and carried him home. When Owen woke up on the sofa at home, who do you think was sitting up on one end of it, looking at him? Fun!

The squirrel had followed Owen, and, when he fell asleep, had jumped down, and crept into the little boy's pocket.—*The Nursery.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The Sunday School Union held a second social conference, afternoon and evening, at Chelsea, Feb. 21. The subject of the afternoon meeting was "What do the times demand, as the best methods of Sunday School instruction?" The evening session was opened with an illustration of the teachers' preparatory meeting for the one-lesson method, conducted by Rev. J. J. Lewis. Discussions were very lively both afternoon and evening. Between the sessions the friends repaired to the vestry where a bountiful collation was spread by the Chelsea school, which, with the pleasant social intercourse was greatly enjoyed by all. The seventh lecture before the Union, by the pastors of Boston and vicinity, will be given March 3d.

—The School connected with the Broadway Universalist Church, South Boston, gave an entertainment a few evenings since, which was very interesting as is generally the case in that school. Tableaux, dramas, music, made up a varied and attractive bill. We write only from hearsay, else we would be glad to give the particulars for the benefit of other schools. Brother and sister teachers of all schools, when you originate anything valuable or pleasing in this line, please *let us know*, that we may extend the information to thousands of others. It is one of the best things you can do to serve the cause.

CONNECTICUT.

—A friend at Norwich writes to the *Leader:* "Our congregations are increasing constantly, and the Sunday School, numbering now about one hundred and forty, is making rapid strides. We are using the *Helper*, and like it very well. The first half hour of the Conference each Thursday evening is devoted to the subject of the lesson for the following Sunday, and at the opening of the school our pastor gives us an interesting talk on the lesson. Prizes have been offered to the scholars who may be constant in attendance during the year, and also to the class making the largest contribution as a class, per scholar in attendance, each Sunday.

OHIO.

—The following good record comes to hand from Flint. Is it not a fine example to follow? "Four or five families, last spring, started a Sunday School in a private house, and continued to meet in that manner till the first Sunday in December, when they occupied a new brick church, which though not finished outside will be used through the winter. No debt has been incurred and there is money in the treasury. A grand work for one year.

A Teacher to Her Superintendent.

We received the following beautiful poem from the pastor of our church in Wakefield. It was the Christmas gift of a beloved and faithful teacher to her superintendent; a teacher who has since passed on to the "bliss to be" in the land beyond the stars. The accompanying note from the pastor shows how sad is the loss of this faithful band of workers in missing this beautiful spirit from their midst.

WAKEFIELD, Feb. 22, 1872.

Will you oblige us by putting the enclosed in the MYRTLE. It was written by Miss Mary J. Leighton, one of our most valued and beloved teachers, who died last week. She had endeared herself to us all, and we miss her very much. Two years ago she came here from Saco, Maine, and since then she has done what she could to help us in our work.

A number of friends would like to preserve this little poem, which was written at Christmas time, and we thought we would ask you to publish it in the MYRTLE. Miss Leighton was triumphantly happy during her last hours, and thus her departure was like her life. Surely those of us who witnessed it could say, "For her to live was Christ, and to die was gain"

Yours fraternally, *W. F. Potter.*

Beloved one! If I could bring
Thee some rare gift to-day,
Some painting grand from olden land,
Some gem of peerless ray,
Or wreath of gold that would not waste
In all thy years to be,
Such gift would be too poor and cold
To tell my love for thee.

Alas, for harrowing circumstance!
Alas, for words so weak,
Alas, for hands that cannot work
The joyful deeds they seek.
Darling, I think there'll come a time,
And tell me, do not you,
When what our loving thought shall will,
Our loving selves shall do.

My heart is filled with heavy pain,
Yet, looking on afar,
Gleaming 'mid pearl and blue I see,
Another Christmas star;
To thee, beneath that radiant sky,
The choicest gifts, I bring,
And full of an immortal love,
Will be the words I sing.

Shine bright and clear and beautiful,
O stars, this Christmas night!
Smile down from thy pure azure depths,
And fold us in thy light;
And sing to us all gloriously
Thy high enrapturing song,
And tell us of the bliss to be
Throughout thine ages long.

What the Bible says.

The Bible contains a great many passages expressing the truth that all souls will finally be brought to know and to love God. Here are some of them:

"The Lord will not cast off forever."
"God will have all men to be saved."
"All shall know me from the least unto the greatest."
"The restitution of all things."
"The living God, who is the Saviour of all men."
"Every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."
"In Christ shall all be made alive."
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

——A good child who should hear his good earthly parent spoken of as cruel and revengeful towards his children, would feel afflicted if not insulted How should we feel, then, to hear such a character attributed to our Heavenly Father? Let us hold his name sacred. His love for his children is beyond all that we can ask or think.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXVII.

JESUS AT THE SUPPER OF THE PHARISEE ON THE SABBATH.

"Whoso humbleth himself shall be exalted,"

SCRIPTURE, — Luke xiv. 1–35.

Question. — With whom did Jesus eat bread on a Sabbath day?

Answer. — Luke xiv. 1.

Q. — Who appeared before him while he was at supper?

A. — Luke xiv. 2.

Q. — What question did Jesus ask the lawyers and Pharisees present?

A. — Luke xiv. 3.

Q. — Did they answer his question?

A. — Luke xiv. 4.

Q. — What did Jesus do when they declined to answer his question?

A. — Luke xiv. 4.

Q. — What question did he then ask the lawyers and Pharisees?

A. — Luke xiv. 5.

Q. — What was their reply?

A. — Luke xiv. 6.

Q. — What did he do when he saw some of the guests selecting the best places at the table?

A. — Luke xiv. 7.

Q. — What did he tell them they should do upon coming to a feast to which they had been invited?

A. — Luke xiv. 10.

Q. — What is the reward of those who walk humbly?

A. — Luke xiv. 11.

NOTE Christ, by humility, even by taking the form of a servant, would become ruler over all; and he was teaching the true and only way to greatness.

Q. — What did he charge the man who had invited him to the supper to do?

A. — Luke xiv. 12.

Q. — Why should he do this?

A. — Luke xiv. 12.

Q. — Whom should he invite?

A. — Luke xiv. 13.

Q. — When should they be rewarded?

A. — Luke xiv. 14.

NOTE. The Saviour evidently meant that though him the time would come when those who loved their fellow-men with a disinterested love, should not be hidden nor despised, but should be chief among men. And through him the world has already so changed that those who have done most for fellow-men are honored most while living and when dead. For illustrations of the Saviour's meaning, consult Isa. lvx. 17–25; lxvi. 20–24; Dan. xii. 1–3; Mal. iii. 16–18; iv. 1–6; Matt. xiii. 40–43; xvi. 27, 28; Luke xxi. 28–33.

Q. — What parable did he utter?

A. — Luke xiv. 16.

NOTE. The parable was to illustrate how the Gentiles would be the first to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Those who were first invited, represent the Jews, who declined to enter the kingdom prepared for them.

Q. — What excuses did those make who were first invited?

A. — Luke xiv. 18, 19, 20.

Q. — What orders did the maker of the feast then give?

A. — Luke xiv. 21.

Q. — What humbler class were compelled to come?

A. — Luke xiv. 23.

Enigma.

1. God giveth grace to.
2. Is a well-spring of life.
3. The love of is the root of all evil.
4. Brought to light by the gospel.
5. Is the fulfilling of the law.
6. He that sought shall reap vanity.
7. Worketh patience.
8. Exhorted to submit to the elder.

My whole all Christians must be clothed with.

Little Sower.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

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